

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Bad Beginning.

Old Mother Fox one evening looked from out her den of rocks...

HAMMERING BRASS.

Some Practical Hints for Ingenious Boys and Girls.

A plain and unattractive piece of brass can be made into a beautiful, as well as useful article with a light hammer and four simple tools.

The tools can be purchased from a hardware store for from 25 cents upward. One is a piece of steel called a tracer...

After you have sufficiently beaten the edge of the clover down, with the tool that has the cross-blend end...

Well Done and Ill Paid.

Once on a time there was a man who had to drive his sledge to the wood for fuel. So a Bear met him.

So the man got the wood on the sledge and rattled homeward, but he wasn't over-pleased at the bargain, you may fancy.

"How many fingers?" said the Bear. "Oh! heaven help me then," said the man.

the voice, "for then we guide them better going down the steep pitches."

"Pretend to drive your axe into me, do now," said the Bear.

Yes, the man would be sure to do that, and thanked the Fox much for his help.

Well, the man thought that good advice, so he took two fleet red hounds, put them into a sack and set off with him.

Children's Sayings.

Little Charlie, whose grandfather is a Baptist minister, took dinner at the parsonage the other day.

George bit little Celia's finger while they were playing. On being scolded for it he said: "By way of explanation."

A Severe Test.

Two little girls, returning hand in hand from school, saw a small and very tired-looking dog lying crouched, with half-closed eyes, at the feet of a half-famished beggar.

"I don't believe he can see us," said one of them. "He doesn't seem to take any notice," the other suggested.

The poor dog slowly opened and closed his eyes; but paid no attention to the children.

Observant Florence.

Florence (six years old)—Mamma, do dogs get married? Mother—No, my dear.

Differently Constructed.

A little girl of this village was crying bitterly the other evening about something that had happened, when her mother endeavored to soothe her.

The Worn-out Potato.

For the lack of frequent healthy crossing the entire vitality of the race has been slowly dissipated; the entire stock has grown old together, and we stand now face to face with the awful possibility of a potatoes universe.

From the very first moment, then, that the ancestral potato began to lay up starches and foodstuffs for itself in its own underground tissues we may be perfectly sure that rodents, monkeys, and other animal enemies did their level best to circumvent its innocent design by digging them up and incontinentally eating them.

his potato into many small pieces with an "eye" in each, the eye being in fact an undeveloped leaf-bud, whence branches would issue in another season.

Then the man took up his axe and at one blow split the Bear's skull, so that Brutin lay dead in a trice, and so the man and the Fox were great friends and on the best terms.

Made Him Toe the Mark.

George was a bashful lover. He scarcely dared to touch his lady's hand. He loved her well and she was worthy of his affection, for she was modest, intelligent, sweet and lovable; but like all good women, she yearned in vain.

It was a wondrous hour, a scene for love and calm delight.

Suddenly she moved slightly away from him.

"Please, George, don't do that," she said. "What?" he asked in genuine surprise.

"Dear Arabella!" "Oh! you needn't tell me different; you were going to do it—Well, after all, I suppose you are not to blame.

And George grasped the situation and did exactly what Arabella supposed he would do, and the moon grinned and the stars winked and the wavelets laughed and a mosquito that was about to light on the maiden's cheek flew away and settled on the nose of a grass widow who was sitting near the band stand.

That Settled It.

"Were you ever in Poland, Mr. Porridge?" "Never, Miss Shawtair."

Not Embarrassed.

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a car full of people?"

"Embarrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she seated herself in a seat and looked at the questioner.

From Different Points of View.

First Traveler (looking out through the car window)—"These continuous rains are bad for the business of this country."

Second Traveler—"Not at all, sir. They stimulate trade in many ways. The farmer—"

It Was a Boss Job.

During the Charleston earthquake, a few years back, some very funny and ridiculous things happened, as well as the more sorrowful ones, and one of the former I recall to mind just now.

Just after the first shocks were over the negroes crowded the open squares and held impromptu prayer meetings, and one old deacon ob'de charch offered up the following prayer in all sincerity.

The Latest Style.

Cohen—"You don't like those pants? Vy, they wer' finest goats, custom made in latest style."

Customer—"But, see, the waist reaches to my shoulder-blades."

What a Baby is Composed of.

A baby is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One of the lungs rests while the other is running the establishment and letting people know that it is boss.

Uncalled for Shook.

Minnie—I had such a shock last evening. Just as I started to go into the house a great, horrid man jumped out from behind a tree and tried to kiss me.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A string of opinions is no more Christian faith than a string of beads is Christian practice.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage, for when they are real they are not like glass threads or frost work, but the solid things we know.

[Perhaps the most delightful friendships are those in which there is much agreement, much disputation, and yet more personal liking.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; and, in memorable experiences, they are suddenly better than beauty. But they must be marked by fine perception, they must all show self-control. Then they must be inspired by the good heart.

Justice is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning.

Liberty is the word that all the good have spoken. It is the hope of every lover; heart, the spark and flame in every noble breast, the gem in every splendid soul, the many-colored dream in every honest brain.

Bou langer's Extradition.

The law of extradition between nations is what two or more nations agree to make it. There may be no extradition law, or one that will surrender an alleged offender on any ground upon which he might be arrested and held to answer in the country in which the offense was alleged to have been committed.

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Hindoo Superstition.

The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season—extending from April to October—they sleep either upon the housetop or in the courtyard, or in the veranda.

He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from the bitter Neem tree, breaks off a son length of it, crushes one end between his teeth, and extemporizes a tooth-brush. He next draws up water from the well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares to wash his hands and face.

Who going he will sedulously avoid those signs and sounds which may augur ill for the day. Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow, or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an oil-man, or one blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him.

British Money in Canada.

One proof of the awakening interest in everything Canadian that is apparent in the Old Country is seen in the success which attends the efforts to float Canadian enterprises.

Berry Wall, in his latest chapter on man's dress and adornment, lays down the rule that the bigger the watch chain the lighter the man who wears it.

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The Reason Why.

"Basic" I met Miss Shapely out shopping to-day, and I never before realized what a loud voice she has."